MOTHER HUBBARD'S PICTURE BOOK

WALTER CRANE'S
PICTURE BOOKS
VOL. II.

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REFFRENCE
PICTURE BOOK

HER NECK DID SHE CRANE,
AS SHE LOOKED UP THE LANE
TO SEE THE THREE BEARS PASS BY.
THEY ALL WENT IN, ODDLY,
AT THE HEAD OF THE BODLEY
AN A.B.C. FOR TO BUY

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SHE WENT RATHER NEARER
TO GET A GOOD LOOK,
AND WHEN SHE CAME BACK
HE HAD RUN THROUGH HER BOOK!

MOTHER HUBBARD HER PICTURE BOOK

CONTAINING:

MOTHER HUBBARD
THE THREE BEARS, &
THE ABSURD A.B.C:

WITH THE ORIGINAL COLOURED
PICTURES, AN ILLUSTRATED PRE-
FACE & ODDS & END PAPERS, NEVER
BEFORE PRINTED: BY

WALTER CRANE

JOHN LANE: THE BODLEY HEAD: LONDON
& NEW YORK:

MOTHER HUBBARD, as we all know, had a cupboard which she found bare on one occasion.

Well, this is Mother Hubbard's Picture & Book, and it's rather bearish too, for there are no less than THREE BEARS therein.

But you must not suppose that the book is altogether bear, because there are other things in it.

There's Apple pie, for instance to my certain knowledge, and "victuals and drink" of sorts, as well — but I must not let the cat out of the bag (or the cupboard) all at once — besides Mother Hubbard's clever dog is still feeding it, for his day (in spite of muzzles) is not over yet, and he is up to all his old tricks.

When you are tired of him, and if you

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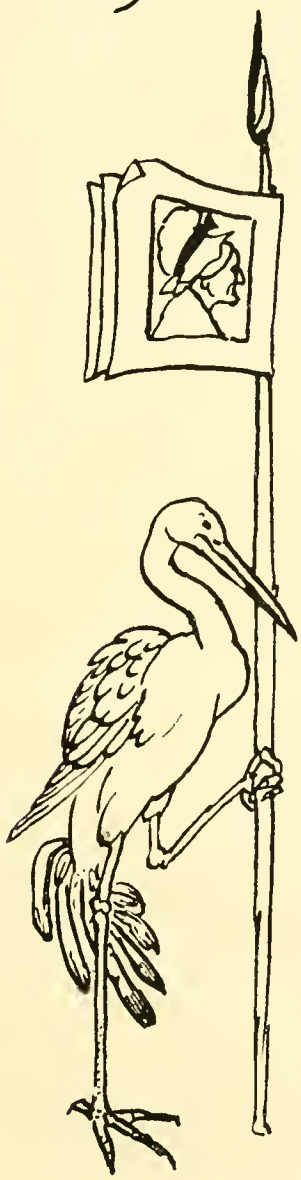
can manage to get past the Three Bears, you will find the rest as ABSURDly easy as A.B.C. and probably meet many old friends on the way.

Walter Crane



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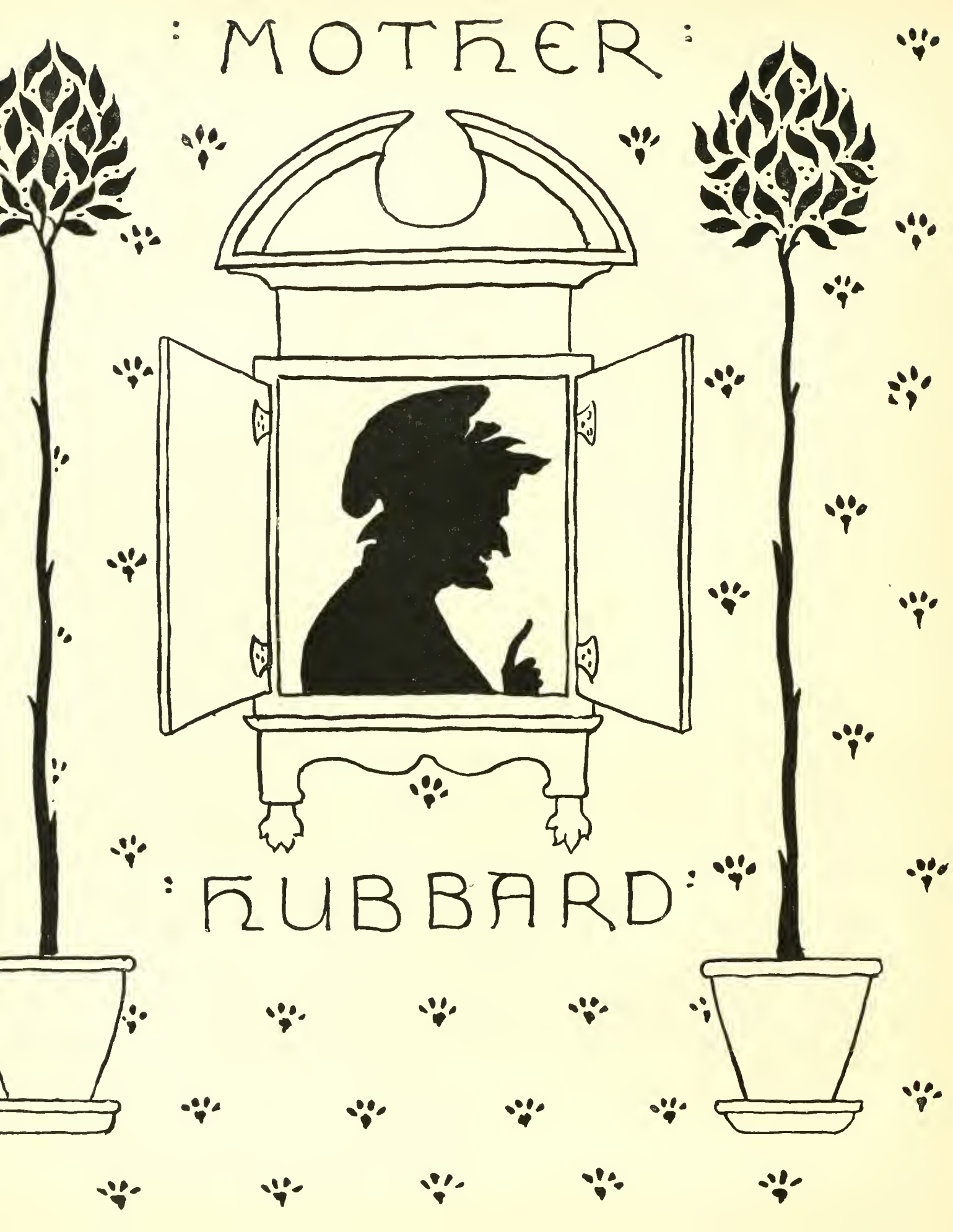
WALTER CRANE'S
PICTURE BOOKS
RE-ISSUE

MOTHER HUBBARD.

JOHN LANE
THE BODLEY HEAD
LONDON & NEW
YORK

MOTHER HUBBARD



Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor Dog a bone;
But when she came there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor Dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,
But when she came back,
The poor Dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin,
But when she came back,
The poor Dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe,
But when she came back,
He was smoking a pipe.
She went to the ale-house
To get him some beer,
But when she came back,
The Dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern
For white wine and red,
But when she came back,
The Dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's,
To buy him a hat,
But when she came back,
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
But when she came back,
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit,
But when she came back,
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,
But when she came back,
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
But when she came back,
He was reading the news.

She went to the sempstress
To buy him some linen,
But when she came back,
The Dog was a-spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose,
But when she came back,
He was drest in his clothes.

The Dame made a curtsey,
The Dog made a bow;
The Dame said, "Your servant,"
The Dog said, "Bow wow!"

This wonderful Dog
Was Dame Hubbard's delight,
He could sing, he could dance,
He could read, he could write.

She gave him rich dainties
Whenever he fed,
And erected a monument
When he was dead.

AND HER
DOG

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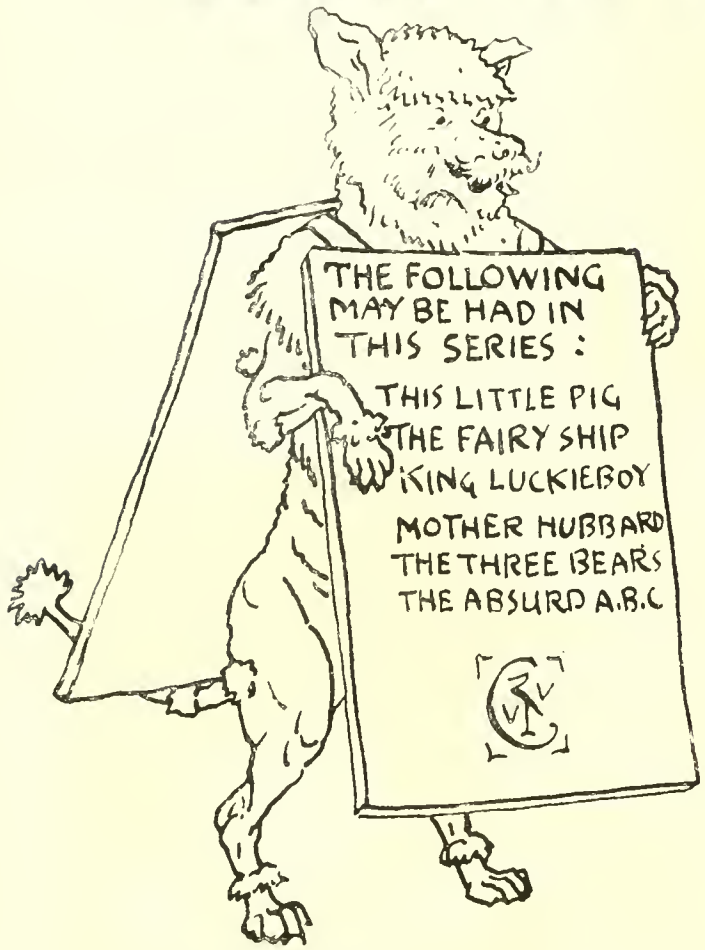


JOHN LANE
THE BODLEY HEAD
LONDON & NEW YORK

·WALTER·CRANE'S·
·PICTURE·BOOKS·
·RE·ISSUE·

·THE·THREE·BEARS·

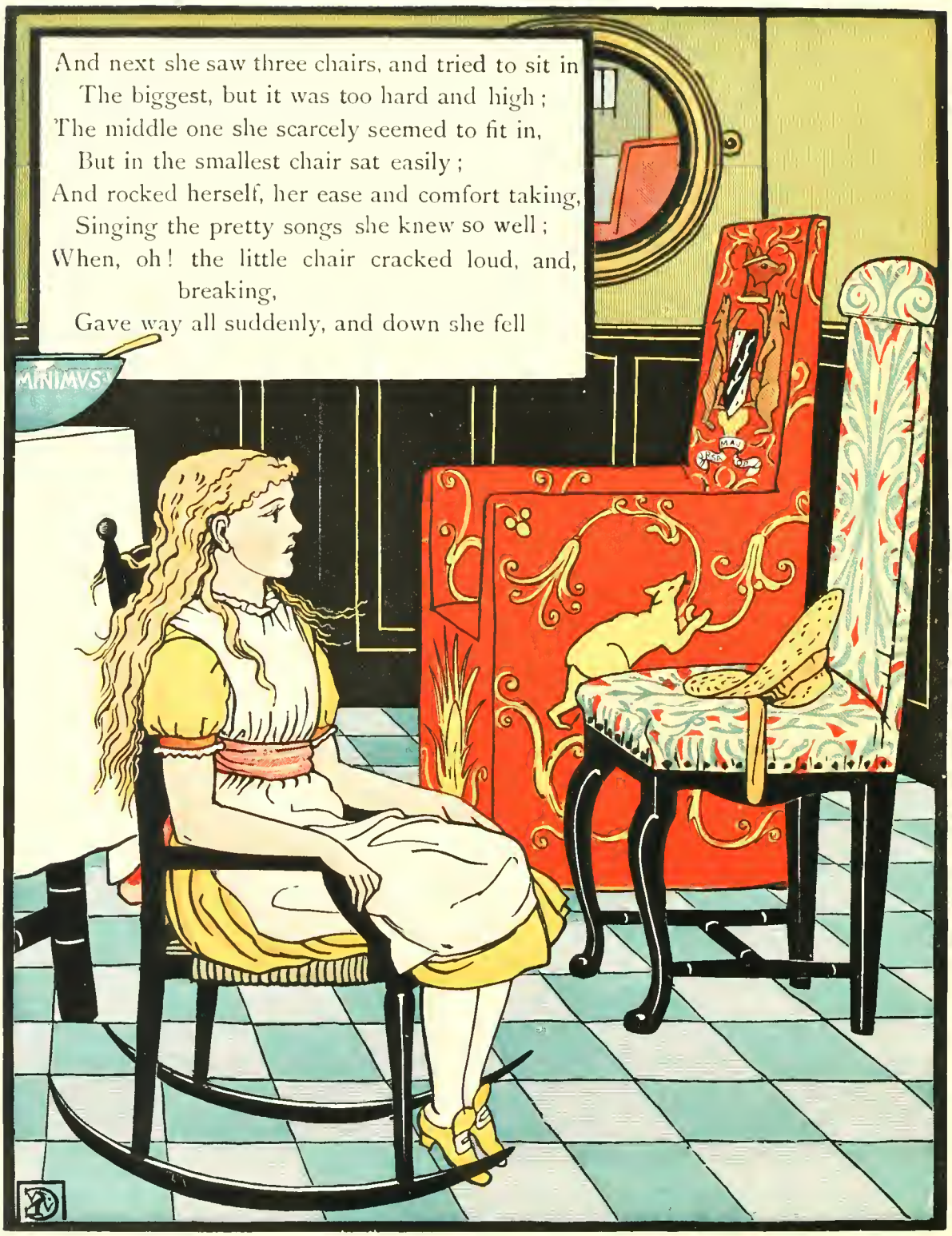
·JOHN·LANE·
·THE·BODLEY·HEAD·
·LONDON·&·NEW·YORK·

THE THREE BEARS

THE THREE BEARS.

SOME time ago, ere we were born or thought of,
There lived a little girl, who liked to roam
Through lonely woods and lanes, unknown, unsought of
Such folk who like to stop and stay at home.
She found out curious things in all her travel
And one of her adventures I will tell:
Once, in a wood she saw a path of gravel,
Which led to a small cottage in a dell.

And, as the door stood open, in walked boldly,
This child, whose name was Silverlocks, I'm told;
There was nobody there to treat her coldly,
No friend to call her back, no nurse to scold.
She found herself within a parlour charming;
And there upon the table there were placed
Three basins, sending up a smell so warming,
That she at once felt hungry, and must taste.
The largest basin first, but hot and biting
The soup was in it, and the second too;
The smallest basin tasted so inviting,
That up she ate it all, with small ado.


And next she saw three chairs, and tried to sit in
The biggest, but it was too hard and high;
The middle one she scarcely seemed to fit in,
But in the smallest chair sat easily;
And rocked herself, her ease and comfort taking,
Singing the pretty songs she knew so well;
When, oh! the little chair cracked loud, and, breaking,
Gave way all suddenly, and down she fell
MINIMVS

"Ah, well," she thought, "there may be beds to lie on
Upstairs; I think I'll go at once and see."
And so there were; she said aloud, "I'll try one,
For I am tired and sleepy as can be."
The biggest bed was not of feathers, surely,
It was so hard; and so she tried the next,
And found it little better; but securely
She slept upon the smallest one, unvext.
The little house belonged to bears, not persons;
The Father Bear, so very rough and large;
The Mother Bear (I have known many worse ones);

And then the little Cub, their only charge.
They had gone for a walk before their dinner;
Returning, Father growled, "Who's touched my soup?"
"Who's touched my soup?" said Mother, with voice
"But mine," said little Cub, "is finished up!" [thinner;
They turned to draw their chairs a little nearer;
"Who's sat in my chair?" growled the Father Bear;
"Who's sat in my chair?" said
the Mother, clearer;
And squeaked the little
Cub, "Who's broken
my small chair?"

They rushed upstairs, and Father Bruin,
growling,
Cried out, "Who's lain upon my bed?"
"Who's lain on mine?" cried Mother
Bruin, howling;

"But some one *lies* on mine!" the small
Bear said.
"We'll kill the child, and eat her for our
dinner,"
The Father growled; but said the Mother,
"No;
For supper she shall be, and I will skin
her."
"No," said the little Cub, "we'll let her
go."

So Silverlocks, in sudden terror flying,
Reached home; and when the Nurse the story hears,
She says, "You are in luck, there's no denying,
To get away in safety from
THREE BEARS."

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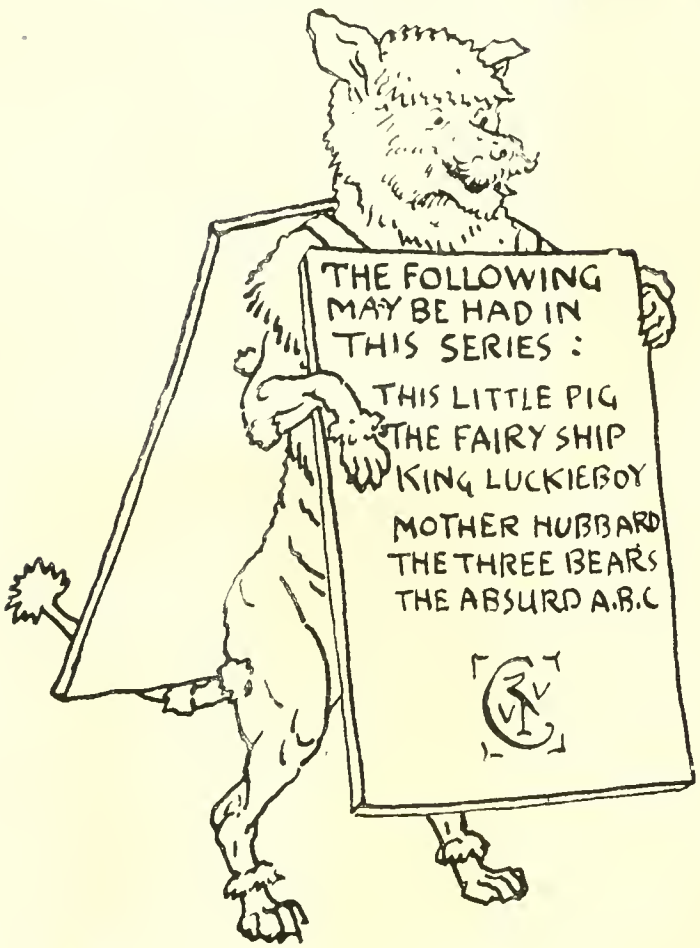

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THE ABSURD A·B·C

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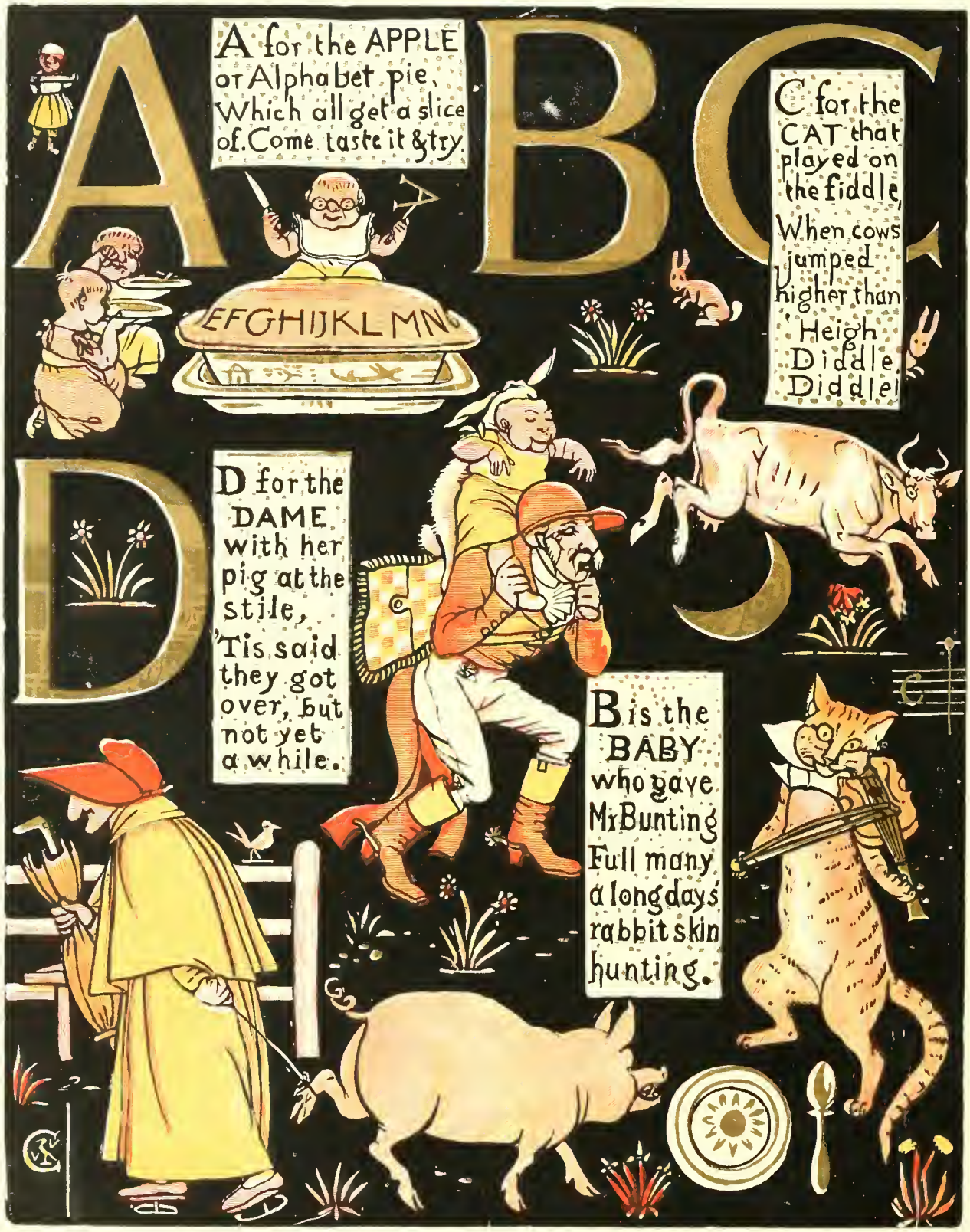
A for the APPLE
or Alphabet pie,
Which all get a slice
of. Come taste it & try.
EFGHIJKLMN
C for the
CAT that
played on
the fiddle,
When cows
jumped
higher than
Heigh
Diddle
Diddle!
D for the
DAME
with her
pig at the
stile,
'Tis said
they got
over, but
not yet
a while.
B is the
BABY
who gave
Mr Bunting
Full many
a long day's
rabbit skin
hunting.

E for the Englishman,
ready to make fast
The giant who wanted to
have him for breakfast.

F for the Frog in the story,
you know,
Begun with a wooing but
ending in woe.

G for Goosey Gander
who wandered upstairs,
And met the old man
who objected to prayers.

H for poor Humpty who
after his fall,
Felt obliged to resign his
seat on the wall.

I for the Inn where they
wouldn't give beer,
To one with too much
and no money, I fear.

J does for poor Jack and
also for Jill,
Who had so disastrous
a tumble down hill.

K L M
N for the Nut
Were often
their mo
L for Little man, gun and bullets complete,
Who shot the poor duck, and was proud of the feat.
K for calm Kitty, at dinner who sat,
While all the good folks watched the dog & the cat.

NOP
rous children
who
much for
er in Shoe
the Old person that
cobwebs did spy,
And went up to sweep e'm
Oh ever so high !
P for the Pie made of
blackbirds to sing,
A song fit for supper
a dish for a king.
M for Miss Muffet, with
that horrid spider,
ust dropped into tea and
a chat beside her.

Q for Queen Anne
who sat in the sun
Till she, more than the lily
resembled the bun

R stands for Richard &
Robert, those men
Who didn't get up one
fine morning till ten!

S for the Snail that showed
wonderful fight,
Putting no less than twenty
four tailors to flight!

T stands for Tom, the son of the piper,
May his principles change as his years grow riper.

U for the Unicorn, keeping his eye on
The coveted crown, and 'ts counsel the Lion.

V for the Victuals, including the drink,
The old woman lived on surprising to think!

W X Y
Z for the Zany who looked like a fool, For when he was young he neglected his school.
W for the WOMAN who not over nice, Made very short work of the three blind mice
X is the X that is found upon buns, Which daughters not liking may come in for sons.
Y for Yankee Doodle of ancient renown, Both he & his pony that took him to town
School Board
Z

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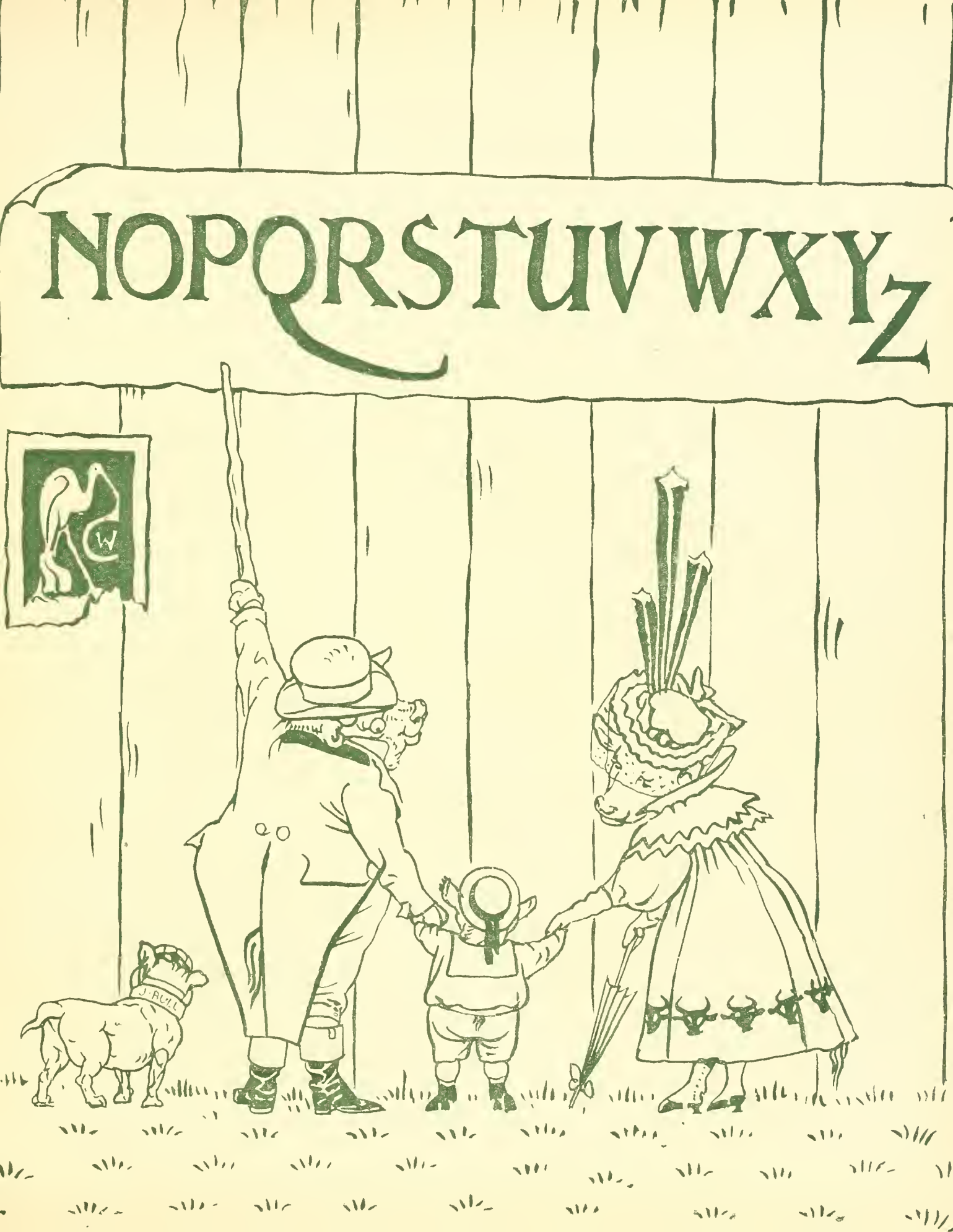
CENTRAL CIRCULATION
CHILDREN'S ROOM


NOPQRSTUVWXYZ
W
J. BULL

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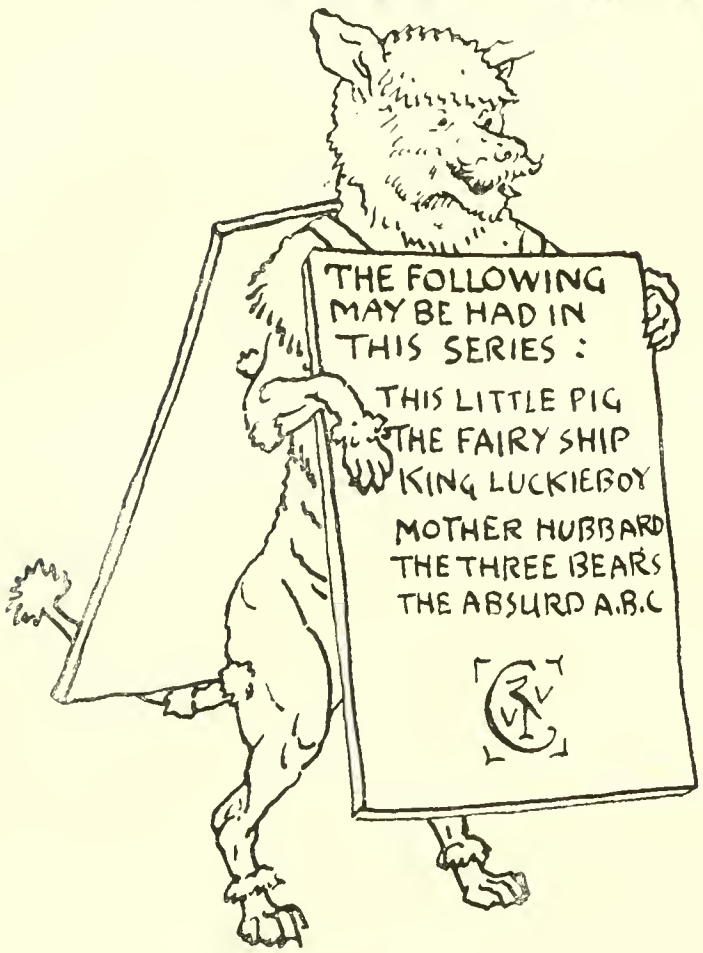

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